

Ian began feeling sick on August 31, 2021. By Friday, September 3, of Labor Day weekend we were at Urgent Care. He was swabbed and diagnosed with Covid, Delta variant. When I asked how they knew it was Delta, she said they didn't, that they just assumed. He was sent home with an inhaler and told if he got worse to go to the ER. The weekend was relatively quiet. Sunday night into Monday, Ian was paranoid. He thought he might have Covid paranoia and asked me to look it up. On Monday, September 6, it was decided that he should go to the ER to be seen and it would be best to go by ambulance. EMS told me not to rush down to the hospital as they had started restricting visitors again. Upon arriving to the ER, I was told I could not wait in the waiting room and had to wait outside. Every 30 minutes I went inside to try and get an update. After two and a half hours, a nurse finally told me that his lab work didn't look good, that he would probably be admitted and that I should go home and get some rest. Ian was ultimately admitted to the MICU for Covid and Covid pneumonia in both lungs. The following morning, Tuesday, September 7, they were already talking about intubating. Ian and I both said NO. At 5:55 pm, I received a text saying they are forcing intubation. Ian then called me to tell me they were going to knock him out and take his phone and he wouldn't be able to talk to me. So, he called to tell me he loved me. That was the last time that I spoke with him. The doctors said that this would give his lungs and his body a chance to rest. Earlier in the day, Ian said that the research team had been by to see him and that he was a good candidate for the Activ 3B study for Remdesivir and Aviptadil. He was already in a study for Ivermectin and was waiting on the meds for the study. The study said he could be on it during his hospital stay as long as he wasn't intubated (med was pill form only). He said to put him in the other study if he was being intubated. During his stay, he developed sepsis twice. He got ventilator pneumonia. Around the 16th of September, Ian tested positive for antibodies and was deemed covid free. They would put him on the list to move him from Covid ICU back to the MICU at which point I would be able to see him. Everyday I asked where he was on the list, who was in charge of the list and all I got was "I don't know." A week before Ian died, he had a bad night. We received calls from the doctor every hour for about four hours. At one point, I was told to think about a DNR. It was 16 hours before we spoke to anyone again. By the 22nd, he was placed on dialysis. On the 24th, they told me there was nothing more they could do and I needed to call the family to come say goodbye. Ian died on the 25th at 7pm. Ian and I had just celebrated our 25th wedding anniversary a week before he got sick. We have three daughters. At the time, they were 20, 18 and 14. Ian was a lifelong Christian. He was a healthcare technology IT partner at a global consulting firm. He was a devoted husband and father. He was a son, a brother, an uncle, a cousin, a mentor, a Godfather, and a great friend to so many.